TALL, WILLOWY BRUNETTE IDEAL HELPMATE, VOCIFERATE PHILADELPHIA GENTLEMAN "DEBS"

Blue-Eyed, Flaxen-Haired Doll Eliminated From the Picture of Domestic Felicity

WHAT chance has a blonde?

Thirteen society men between the ages of twenty-one and twentyseven say with a dreamy air and far-off gaze—"The ideal girl? Well, she must be a brunette and tall and slender."

And thirteen young men looked down pityingly upon the blonde hobbed hair of a five-foot interviewer.

The world has long thought that deep in the mysterious depths that make up the heart of a man a dainty blonde was enthroned as the ideal blonde who with a shake of her dizzy little head and a demure droop of her baby-blue eyes would draw a flock of hearts to her feet.

The brunette part of the sentence is not hopeless, for there are things nowadays that can make black white, but that awful part about height-

"She must be tall."

What is a girl to do? Even the Bible says that a person \$6000 to \$7000 would be enough. can think forever and not add a Why do you suppose this young man single inch to his height. It seems is opposed to prohibition? It is becan think forever and not add a

These thirteen young men who give their preferences are the "gentlemen debs" of Philadelphia—the scions of the most prominent families and the young hopefuls of the financial world. They give the young idea of things, their opinions of girls, prohibition and other pertinent questions with all the confidence of youth-they have thought of the amount of money they would like to have in their jeans when they trot up the aisle to the altar with her by the side; they have thought at what age they should feel able to marry and settle down to domestic life, and they have most

certainly given long, hard and serious thought to prohibition. Prohibition?
One opinion echoes the other—a vehement "awful" follows a fierce "all wrong," "a crime," "an outrage."
They might all join in a general chorus and render this simple but heartfelt ditty on prohibition:

Some like the red wine and some like the white, Home are all for dancing in the pale

green corn likker is my hears's delight. CHORUS

Doen with Prohibition.
The chorus, slow and sonorous, could repeated as often as feeling prompts. Far Removed From

Being Gay Lotharios These boys are not gay Lotharios by any means. Far from it. Their main interest in life seems to be business and they believe that girls should also enter the worksday world and leave the butterfly existence. There may be no

butterfiy existence. There may be no ulterior motive at all, but some with a suspicious mind might say that they envied the young ladies the many hours of sleep and leisure while they rolled out of bed in the cold gray morning to battle with the world.

William Riegel thinks this about marriage—it would be a nice thing to have some one to make him put on a clean shirt and wear his hat straight, or at the correct angle, but as soon as she wants to put him into a smoking jacket and sit him by the fire night after night, he quits, or words to that effect. No, sir, this young man is not going to take matrimony as a yoke, but is going out as much as ever, or, at least, almost as much as ever.

ever, or, at least, almost as much as ever.

In his tender years he cast longing eyes at the White House, and thought how nice it would be to be a President of the United States, but with years of discretion he realised how frightfully tired his hand would become from shaking strangers' hands, like a pump handle, day after day, so he decided to take his mind off the White House and enter business. Business now is his main interest in life. He would work even though he had a billion—or, to put it differently, when he has a billion, any one still can reach him at his desk in his office hard at work and an inspiration for Young America to follow.

Mr. Riegel thinks that, outside of baseball and tennis, one of the greatest sports in existence is trying to collect sports in existence is trying to collect one's debts—pursuing the clusive dol-

The ideal age for a man to marry is from twenty-four to twenty-seven, and he should face the world with \$5000 a year between himself, his wife and

Mr. Riegel was educated at Chestnut Anything for Friend,

Especially a Blonde "Come seven, come eleven-shoes for the baby" and a nice long roll that only

day-no sir, not for him. An income of

hopeless. But just when every one cause it is demoralizing the youth of is about discouraged and thinking, America and he is for uplift. After "Oh, what's the use?" along comes marriage, a man should not be entirely "Oh, what's the use?" along comes

tied down, but should have some freedom probably one night of the seven he
should stand up for his sacred rights
and prowl around and slip in at peep teed not to shrink again. What a o'day with the first rumbles of the milk wagons to drown his entrance.

Favors Prohibition, but Is Not an Enthusiast

George Armistead plays bridge, but was rather hesitant about admitting it for fear any one reading his public opinion might forthwith think that he was an expert and challenge him to a game at a nickel a point, and since





that to be wrapped up in one bit of fem-

something fine was to be a gentleman

of leisure, and now that he is a man,

ininity. Great expectations!

Burnet Landreth, 3D





"She must be tall, slender and dark"



William Ely Riegel

cumstances as those to which she has as yet he is only a Pierpont Morgan in embryo, he could not stand this

Mr. Armistead approves of prohibition, but not very heartily. He admits that there is a lot to be said on both sides. He just feels that it is a wiser course to say sadly, "I approve

According to Mr. Armistead's idea of economics, a girl should stay at home and not come into contact with business at all unless it is absolutely imen expert could shake; there you have wrestle with the world to get her daily



write—and what is more, he did write—absolutely, he wrote poems, but, unfortunately, they have all been lost to posterity, or, at least, they are not for the eyes of the world to peruse. Some day, perhaps, when his memoirs are given to the public, the youthful outbursts of poesy will see the light of day.

He decided not to be a reporter when he was offered a job as a bond trader—note well he does not profess to be a bond salesman—so some day, instead of being a famous man of letters, he will be a power in the world of finance, with a private car and all the

ride in a flivver, but it would be a long day before Mr. Hutchinson would be bold enough to propose to her, other luxuries magnates enjoy.

Decidedly a girl should work, he thinks, and learn the value of money, so

but home-home and a cozy fire and complished, good at sports and have a girl should flutter like a vivid butall sorts of parlor accomplishments—all terfly—no, oh, my goodness, no. He thinks she should have some interest beyond keeping her hair marcelled and When he was a little boy, his idea of learning the latest dance steps-anything besides sitting and vegetating. When he was a youngster, he wanted to be a sea captain and sail the seas, but now that he is a man grown his

what his paragon of a girl is: Be- | said this with a very decided air, as | and thinks that a man should marry, sides being tall and slender and dark, he has had experience with faddists of if at all, when he is sixty-five; then old which sounds like pretty much to ex- the fair sex who fancy they would like age is at his heels and a wig is on his

Husband Enjoys Himself

pect of any one girl, she should be ac- to work. Not that Mr. Stewart thinks

his ambition has grown anace with him ambition is to spend a lot of time, and incidentally a lot of money, abroad. According to Mr. Stewart, a man should be staid and settled enough to marry at with a kindly reception from him. As twenty-eight. It is the ideal age, be- for a little bet, he will take a chance cause the wild oats will be sown and on anything. When it comes to girls yet he will not be "sot" in his ways. A he leans toward the athletic. nice comfortable little income for two would be \$5000, though if the lucky lady had enough to buy her own clothes it would be possible to slide through on a little less. Mr. Stewart's comment on prohibition was brief and pithy—it is "all wrong," no reasons—everything is included in the decisive, final "all wrong."

Richard Riegel is another young gentleman with decided convictions.

he leans toward the athletic.

When he was a youngster Mr. Sergeant had high ambition to be a motor-man and run a trolley, but now what do you think he would like to be? A prominent bootlegger, if you please; not the kind that has launches in Bermuda and high-powered motors. He is most tremendously opposed to prohibition, for the simple reason that it does not prohibit. He will never vote for any man who is in favor of prohibition, for as sure as fate any man who is in favor of the could never say with Andy Gump.

tleman with decided convictions.

When a little boy Mr. Riegel had big ideas. His nurse used to take him down to see the trains pass, and he wanted to be an engineer and roar past people and scare cows and pull the bell and shovel coal and have a caboose trailing along behind. A man should marry as soon as he is

successful, says Mr. Riegel; at no special age at all, just whenever he has worked long enough to get a minimum income of \$7000, which is about num income or \$7000, which is about \$150 a week. A mighty snug little love nest could be feathered with that amount, and with a tall, darkhaired girl as its mistress, all should be merry as a wedding bell. After the wedding, though, is another story. Mr. Riegel thinks it is a splendid plan to trot off as much as ever and belong to lots of clubs, because it is absence deal of perplexity—they are as pretty that makes the heart grow fonder.

There are no two ways about it— prohibition is no good and is making a nation of lawbreakers. "You go to nation of lawbreakers. "You go to a dance and everybody has something on the hip—and it is not a gun, either," was Mr. Riegel's comment on Caleb Roberts has had bitter ex-

Roy Stewart

periences with the fair sex—he might have been crossed in love—yes, perhaps he has even borne that heavy cross, else

why would he say with a tragic, cynical air, "It has taken me twenty-four years

Mr. Roberts thinks that girls come to

their senses after they have been out

three years and not before. They come

to the age of reason when they are

to learn that you cannot trust any woman outside of your own mother."

Girls Need Long Time

to Become Sensible

it could never say with Andy Gump,
"I wear no man's collar."
Anything that has a kick in it is all
right and should not be prohibited. Figures \$20,000 Income

head and there is no place left to go

slippers and maybe a pipe. All this is

contingent, of course, on whether Mr.

Sergeant can alip through the fingers of

his pursuers—he should be duly grateful

that leap year comes only once in four

years, because that makes his chances

Mr. Sergeant is also somewhat of a

Beau Brummell-new duds mean a lot to

him. The latest dots in ties and the

newest clocks on socks-in fact, any-

thing new in the clothes line will meet

of escape four times as great,

Is Prime Requisite

An income of \$20,000 would be a conservative estimate, a fairly good amount on which to be wedded, and

Count Renato Casselli is from Italy, and though from that clime famed the world over for its music and musicians he whimsically admits that the only instrument he can play is the talking ma-

as they can be, even prettier than the maidens of Italy though they are intensely puzzling.

"They make me feel like Sherlock Holmes when I try to understand them." and with a shake of the head the Count admits that they are too great a puzzle for him to solve. American girls are much more practical than the Italians and dress very beautifully—in fact, they are altogether charming.

There is one thing that he has noticed, however, and that is that American girls are likely to be independent and like to command!—Oh who, Oh who has been bossing the Count?

Girls should stay at home and not go to business, argues the Count, though they should cultivate their minds by the study of history and art, so that they will have something intelligent to talk about when they are dancing. The girl the Count marries must be

tall—because, contrary to all set opin-ions of Italian men, he is very very tall. When he starts to stand up it is fascinating to watch and figure out when he will be all through straightening up. And at billiards he is a hard opponent, because he is able to lean all

the way over the table.

James A. Develin, Jr., really does
not care a hoot if a girl is a blonde or a
brunette so long as she is good-looking—
he is an absolutely impartial judge.
Flashing black eyes are not more potent than blue eyes, a complexion the tint of the olive is as good as one that has the bloom of a rose and hair all colors of the rainbow get an equal thrill out of him.

However, he likes them petite-no better, regular little roly polys—the kind that people look at and say, "It would be easier to walk over that girl than to go around her."

would be easier to walk over that girl than to go around her."

Although Mr. Develin has never met any old-fashioned girls, he is willing to bet his good hard-earned money—gotten from selling bonds—that they are an improvement over the modern girl—implying that since they could not be worse there is an off-chance that they are better. Girls at best are impractical creatures and provoke this lad almost to the point of saying 'fudge,' which he only says when horribly mad. Mr. Devetin leaves a non-committal

which he only says when horribly mad.

Mr. Develin leaves a non-committal leeway when it comes to the age of getting married—any time between sixteen and sixty—no one can come to him and say: "See here, you said you wanted to get married at twenty-five—here. I am." No. wanted to get married at twenty-hve-here is your chance—here I am." No siree, he is wise in his generation and plays the game safe. He gives no evi-dence and no one has the chance to get the drop on him. The girl he would choose for a life partner should be one with whom he could hope to live five years without the necessity of murder-

three years old in the social world, and Early Ambition Was